# Heraclitus Ridens:

## AT

## *A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.*

**Tueſday, April the 4th. 1681.**

*Earn.* WEll! and what news from the Preſs?

*Jeſt.* Why there's what you pleaſe; you may have News fitted to all capacities and ſizes, the News-Taylors are grown greater Artiſts than the *Long-lane*, or the *Merchant-Taylors*, and will certainly, if they can get to be a Company, be one of the moſt conſiderable upon the *Thames*, at the next Show; they have all the Trade, and light gains make a heavy purſe you know.

*Earn.* This is the Preface, what's the Book?

*Jeſt.* This interruption is not civil; you are for kiſſing before a man can ſet down his Britches.

*Earn.* Cry y'mercy, pray then tell on your ſtory.

*Jeſt.* They are to have the fineſt Barge that ever the *Thames* was proud of, ſhe is to be Commonwealth-built, and wear the Britches in her Stern; the Harp to ſhew they love the ſame old ſtring; and the Croſs to ſhew their Nature; and that all Croſſes are not Popery, eſpecially if they croſs the King and the Church: Her head is to be gilded with *Liberty and Property*, and in her Poop a Flag of *Union*: *Frank Smith* is to be Maſter, and *Ben. Harris* Mate; the Mayor of *Goatham* Boatſwain, and the Oars painted with *Reformation*, are to be mannaged by *Diſſenting Watermen*, who turn their backs to *White-Hall*, and their faces to the Pinnacles upon *London-Bridge*.

*Earn.* Come leave 'em there, that's their Landing, and tell me what news?

*Jeſt.* What would you be at? Here's a ſpick and ſpan *Vox Populi*, or *Elephant Smith* turn'd *Pedagogue*, and teaching the People to ſpell the Horn-book of *Sedition*, *Treaſon*, and *Rebellion*.

*Earn.* That ſame *Smith* is continually hammering and forging, and like the reſt of the Trade, he has an unquenchable ſpark of *Sedition* in his throat, and a world of Irons in the fire.

*Jeſt.* But if this does not burn his fingers, or his hand, he muſt have better luck than honeſter men; I know nothing but hanging that can ſave him.

*Earn.* Self do, ſelf have; if he will be dipt over head and ears, who can help it?

*Jeſt.* But that which made me laugh moſt heartily, and is certainly a moſt pleaſant adventure, was to meet *John Milton* in this Age of the walking of the Ghoſts of the *Old Rumpers*.

*Earn.* What was he going to look out his Old Enemy *Salmaſius*, and have the other crack with him in juſtification of the Kings Murder.

*Jeſt.* No, no, the blind Bard had got a Dog and a Bell, and went crying, *Pray pity the poor Blind, one peny for the poor Blind.*

*Earn.* Why, what was the matter?

*Jeſt.* The Rogue, it ſeems, had in the beginning of the late times adventured his ſtock in the bottom of the Public Faith, and ſhe was caſt away paſſing up the *Straits*, and he having made no Enſurance in Crown and Church-Land-Office, could never ſee penny of his money after.

*Earn.* What? then he comes now he hears ſhe is about to ſet up again among the reſt of Adventurers, to put in his Claim.

*Jeſt.* No, the Purchaſers ſay they will be firſt ſerv'd, having Deeds under Hands and Seals; but he has nothing to ſhew for his money but an Order of a Committee, and that's Statuted too, and ſo he's reſolv'd to try the Charity of the well-diſpoſed of the Party; for it ſeems *Pluto*'s *Topham* has uſed him very ſcurvily becauſe he has no money to pay his Fees.

*Earn.* And will they make a Purſe for him think you?

*Jeſt.* I believe not, for he rails at the Owners of the *Publick Faith*, and their Partners of the Synod, moſt fearfully.

*Earn.* Prithee what does he ſay?

*Jeſt.* He ſays they ſet a Padlock upon the Preſs, and ſtopt his mouth with an *Index Expurgatorius* in his life-time, but now the Preſs is open he'l tell all their tricks to the World: He ſays, *The greateſt part of the Parliament were ſuch whom bold and active Ambition, rather than merit, had commended to the place: That Juſtice was delayed and denied, Spight and Favour determined all; Faction and Treachery, Wrong and Oppreſſion ruled all*: Their Votes and Ordinances, inſtead of repealing old Grievances, laid on new Taxes; they who aided them moſt faithfully, were ſlighted and forced to dance attendance with Petitions after Committees, whom he calls *an innumerable company of Thieves in Office*; who for fear of an account, and laying down their Authority, for want of new buſineſs, wire-drew all affairs to the ruin of a whole Nation.

*Earn.* A very fair Character of the ſtate of the Common-wealth: And what ſays he of Religion?

*Jeſt.* Why he ſays, *The Aſſembly of Divines were neither eminent for piety or knowledge, but for crying down Pluralities and Prelates, and yet the Conſcientious men, before they had done their work, took their wages, ſome two or more of the beſt Livings, beſides Lecture-ſhips, and Maſter-ſhips of Colleges; and were the greateſt Pluraliſts and Nonreſidents that ever were in* England; *that they ſailed by every wind of profit, and at laſt came to an Anchor in the Road of Perſecution, againſt which they had ſo declaimed in the Biſhops, perſuading the Magiſtrate to uſe bodily compulſion as a ſtronger means to ſubdue that Rebel* Conſcience *of* Malignant Diſſenters *than their Evangelical perſuaſion; that they were* Trim tram, like Maſter like Man, *commended by Committees for Zealous Godly men, but*

*aſſed*

*acted like Children of the Devil, unfaithfully, unjustly, unmercifully, corruptly and ſtupidly, that between the Teachers and Diſciples, a more ignominious and mortal wound was never given to Faith, Piety, and the Reformation.*

*Earn.* Here was wiſe work indeed; and was this the Picture of the thorough Reformation? Well *John*! it is happy for thee that thou art a *pulvis & umbra* man; for I dare ingage, if e're a man alive ſhould ſay ſo much againſt Proteſtant Diſſenters, they would towze him, and teaze him, *Jeſuit*, *Tory*, *Tantivy*, and *Maſquerade* him for a Diſuniter of Proteſtants, till they made him look like a Devil of a man, and all that: But pray what becomes of our Friends *Comus and Momus*.

*Jeſt.* Oh! your Friend *Comus* has got a place, he's prefer'd, I aſſure you, he's the *Popes Chimney-ſweeper* in Ordinary, and hopes he ſhall get the Devils cuſtom too e're long.

*Earn.* Here's an old Common-wealth Chimney is ſo foul, that the Neighbourhood are afraid it ſhould take fire; I wiſh he would ſweep that too.

*Jeſt.* Have a care what you ſay; here comes *Whipping-Tom*, and if you do but name the *Common-wealth Chimney*, he'l jerk you and firk you for diſuniting *Common-wealth Chimneys*, and ſaying they want Sweeping; he ſays they have been ſwept as clean as a penny, with the Beſom of a thorough Reformation.

*Earn.* What, is this he that Chaſtizes the *Weekly Diſcovery* for telling truth?

*Jeſt.* The very ſame, he's a parlous fellow, he ſtrips and whips without either fear or wit.

*Earn.* He has a mind to ſee *Naked Truth* it may be.

*Jeſt.* No Sir, you are miſtaken, he's a Painter an't ſhall pleaſe you, and expoſes her in his own beloved colours, Red and Yellow; and that you may not miſtake, he writes underneath, *This is the Bear of Popery, and this is the old Dog of thorough Reformation, that baited the Popes Bull.*

*Earn.* Prithee deſcribe one of his Pictures.

*Jeſt.* I have one here: Look you here, here is the Bear in a Canonical Habit, with a Croſier inſtead of the Ragged Staff, and but that he tells you ſo, you would ſwear it were an *Engliſh Proteſtant Biſhop*; but he tells the People it is a *Popiſh Bear in Maſquerade*, and they muſt believe him, for he ſays, *He would not wrong his Conſcience to tell a Lie for all this world.*

*Earn.* Well! Let's ſee the Dog.

*Jeſt.* Nay for a Dog, if ever you ſaw ſuch another in the Dog-market at *Amſterdam*, I'l give him you for a Farthing; it is a Dog made up of a matter of ſeven or eight-ſcore Heads, and the great Head of all ſtands where the Rump ſhould ſtand. Now you muſt know that theſe Heads are always ſnapping and ſnarling one at another; but only when the Bear is to be baited, then every one hoping to have a ſhare in his skin, they all agree upon that point, and fall upon him tooth and nail: they worried a Bear and a Lion too, once upon a time, and if the Unicorn had not fled for the ſame, *All-head* (for ſo they call him, though ſome Raſcally Fellows Nicknam'd him *Roundhead*) would have ſerv'd him neither better nor worſe.

*Earn.* This is a mad Dog indeed.

*Jeſt.* You would ſay ſo if you knew all; for he's forc'd to be kept Chain'd up by Mr. *Law*, and he does nothing but ſnarl, and baul, and bark, and bite the Chain, in hopes to get his Liberty again: He'l fawn upon you, and wag his Rump-Head, and look as if butter would not melt in any one of his mouths, and whine ſo lamentably, that many People pity him exceedingly, and ſome Ladies take him for a Lap-dog; many Gentlemen who love Hunting, would have him to ſave charges, as being a pack of Beagles all in one. But I cannot tell what's the matter, there are ſome People who have been bit by him, ſay, *'tis fit he ſhould be kept where he is*; and how the matter will be agreed, I know not.

*Earn.* Well, pray preſent my Service to Mr. *Whip* and *Strip* the Painter, and give theſe three Couplets which I have met ſomewhere upon the Road, to write under *All-heads* Picture, the worſt he can ſay will be, it is *Rhime Doggerel*, but that's fitteſt for ſuch a Picture of a Dog.

*Theſe and the* Romaniſts, *although they bend*
*Their Heads contrary, meet at laſt, and tend*
*To worry true Religion, which doth ſtand*
*Like Bear at Stake, with Dogs on either hand.*
*Extreams both in a Circle ſet their feet,*
*And fetch a compaſs, yet at laſt they meet.*

*Jeſt.* What are there no *Queres* come up this laſt tyde?

*Earn.* Yes, Yes, Buſhels; but I was forc't to keep them on Board, having not convenience to diſpoſe of them yet a Shore, all the Ware-houſes about Town are ſo cram'd with *Intelligences*, *Mercuries*, *Vox Populies*, &c. But however I can give you a ſample of them.

1. Whether the Church of *England* would not be in as great danger from a *Common-wealth Succeſſor* as a *Popiſh one*?

2. Whether *Papiſts* or *Diſſenting Proteſtants* would be kinder to the Church of *England*, the *Biſhops*, *Liturgy*, *Clergy*, and *Laity*, if either of them were in power, which I hope they never will.

3. Whether Q. *Elizabeth* was a *Papiſt* or a *Proteſtant* in Maſquerade, as well as all thoſe who are no more zealous for the Church, as it ſtands upon the Foundation of her Reformation, than ſhe was; and whether ſhe was not a *Tory* and *Tantivy* Queen, for making ſuch humming Laws againſt *Diſſenting Proteſtants*?

4. Whether Mr. *Whip* and *Strip* thinks *Plato Redivivus*, *Vox Populi*, and the *Sholes of Pamphlets*, which openly avow and publiſh principles deſtructive of Monarchy, and ſuch as actually deſtroyed it once before, are *Meal-tub* Papers, or mean nothing at all?

5. Whether the *Anabaptiſt Intelligencers*, and *Diſſenting Proteſtants*, by true Proteſtant Religion mean the ſame, for which the late Rebels fought ſo zealouſly, or the Church of *England*, againſt which they fought. This is recommended to Mr. *Whip* to conſider of, and he is deſired to ſpeak plain, and not fumble and mumble through his teeth, as if he had a Jeſuitical Equivocation in his mouth; for by this we ſhall come to a clear underſtanding whether he and his Aſſociates are ſlandered with a matter of Truth.


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*Loſt upon the Road to* Oxon, *between* Beconsfield *and* Stoken-Church, *a black Box, with ſeveral Deeds belonging to the* Good Old Cauſe, *with the Counterparts of Leaſes, made to ſeverall of her Friends and Relations; and alſo the Book of her Accounts, and other Writings of Concern: If any Perſons have found them, they are deſired to bring to Mr.* Ben. Harris, *her Ladiſhips Solicitor, at his Lodgings in* Southwark, *or to leave them with her Porter at her Palace of* Bedlam, *and they ſhall have what they pleaſe, and the reſt again for their kindneſs and honeſty.*



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